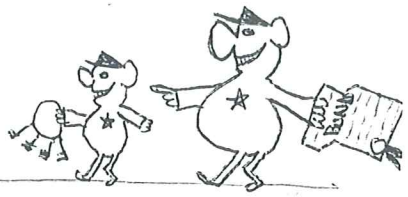

Dear Harold,

Hey man! My day starts at 4AM & ends at 11:15 pm and they work my butt off up here too. I'm not a trustee but rather a trustme - something I EARNED in this funky old dungeon. The screws here and I are pals and I stay square & straight with them too. I mean we have some righteous matrons up here who not only genuinely give a damn but prove it all the time. I got to rap & rap with the captain of the jail yesterday. He's a cool dude and will see what he can do to help me.

My problem goes this way - the grand jury didn't indict me - for lack of evidence. The D.A. set my trial date way off until March 17th 1974 and says he'll keep postponing it until the statues of limitations runs out on it and that way, he says he knows I'll have done a straight seven years by then.

The Captain doesn't dig that kind of scene happening to anyone - like I say - he's straight & square.

This dungeon is run by the Harris County Sheriff's Office not the Houston City Police. That's the same as the difference between the pigs and the police, and you know that there's a big difference too.

As Mr. Bridges used to say when he got mad - Sonala bitcha. I have added my own obscenities to the list & it gets longer all the time.

Wow! what a hassel huh? Even if I did do it, I don't think Bakilla will let me off

(over)

with just that, not after my last number anyhow as I ripped off his favorite knight. He's got me in check this time & he knows it.

Once again I take cold showers but.....
I get lucky and get a quick solution to my problem - rarely though and I don't mean by the girls neither. What confidence by me and a badge - low ranking in the law, but mighty high in my esteem, Jeezus! don't ever tell anyone about that please, I take a hell of a lot of tranquilizers too.

I haven't seen my good Jewish lawyer since the day I asked him "is the best part of his brains ran down his Daddy's leg." They heard me ask him that way up on 7th floor as I was too mad to settle down my loudness any.

Well I have to go console my friend over here "fearless" because Jack the Ripper (our Dentist) (at least he claims to be one) pulled out her tooth. (He never heard of novocaine either) Poor fearless got wiser through the loss of her wisdom tooth & ordered a tube of cyst from commissary.

By For Now —

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